

P A M E L A :
 OR, THE
 FAIR IMPOSTOR.
 A
 P O E M.
 IN
 FIVE CANTOS.

By J----- W-----, Esq;

Fœmineum servile genus, crudele, superbum.

JO. BAPT.

*Postremo, captus amore, Aureliæ Orestillæ, cujus,
 præter formam, nihil unquam bonus laudavit.*

SALLUST.

D U B L I N :

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Thomas Chrichlow

ALMA D

D. F. D. O.

FAIR IMPROSTOR



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É I V E C A N T O

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P A M E L A.



C A N T O I.

OF Female Wiles I sing, their subtle Art,
 To lure Mankind, and captivate the Heart;
 O'er human Race their Empire to extend,
 Who Reason's Aid's too feeble to defend.

Ye sacred Choir, who haunt *Parnassus'* Height,
 And with your Songs enamour'd Gods delight! 6
 LYÆUS, CERES, to my Pray'r attend!
 Inspire my Verse, as you my Theme befriend;

A 2

Without

Without you VENUS' self in vain essays
 To fire the Blood, or give the Pow'r to please. 10
 Come, all ye bright Inhabitants of Heav'n!
 Each, in your Turns, against these Wiles have striv'n,
 But strove in vain! - - - and ye unpractis'd Fair,
 Who, yet unskill'd to spread the artful Snare,
 Instructed here, may make your Conquests sure;
 So Beauty's Sway shall o'er the World endure. 16
 And come, ye Youths, who yet condemn the Chain!
 Learn hence, how weak a Contest you sustain,
 If e'er to strive against the Force of Love,
 Your utmost Pow'r or Wisdom you would prove.
 Ye Youths and Virgins, hear th' instructive Lays,
 Be yours the Profit, but be mine the Praise. 22

Oh! Love, how pow'rful over human Souls!
 How weak is Reason, where thy Force controuls!
 As mighty Streams from narrow Fountains flow,
 Extend their Course, and widen as they go: 26

So,

So, like a Torrent rushing to the Main,
Love, in its Birth, however flight and vain,
Bears with resistless Force upon the Heart,
Glows in each Vein, and preys on ev'ry Part. 30

This Secret, soon, the fair PAMELA found,
Whose Beauty spreads unnumber'd Conquests round,
Such is the matchless Magic of her Eyes,
Where Cupids sport, and Love in Ambush lies;
With practis'd Wiles, and with bewitching Charms,
She wins, oh Shame! Sir BLUNDER to her Arms.
Sir BLUNDER, proud of an illustrious Line,
Unmeaning, honest; and tho' awkward, fine;
Vain of his Wealth, he ev'ry Beauty storms: 39

“Dem me, --- I love you, Mem; --- but I hate Forms:

“What say you? tell me? can you like me, Miss?”

He pauses --- and then struggles for a Kiss;

Looks at his Watch: --- “A Pox! I must be gone;

“Adieu, my Angel. --- Call the Chariot, JOHN.”

Patting

Patting her Cheek, away, in haste, he scours; 45
Roves to some other Fair, and trifles all his Hours.

But still, as some malignant Planets shed
Their baleful Influence o'er a female Head;
Or if the Guardian Spirits of the Fair,
Neglectful of their Charge, forget their Care; 50
Whate'er the Cause, or Chance or Fortune's Fault,
Ladies love Blockheads better than they ought,
And often find it fatal, to their Cost,
When Virtue, Honour! --- all that's dear is lost:
Like Roses pluck'd, the Fav'rites of a Day, 55
A while admir'd, then cheaply thrown away;
The pointed Mark of all malicious Sneers,
And the sad Subject of dull Sonnetteers.
Unhappy GODFREY, credulous and weak,
Had long resign'd the last, important Stake; 60
Th' unguarded Nymph her broken Honour moan'd,
And nine long Months with the sad Burden groan'd.

The

The FAIR IMPOSTOR.

7

The fair PAMELA, so obscurely born,
Her Father reap'd, and Mother glean'd the Corn;
The good old Couple, in a Cottage blest, 65
Sweet'ned the Labours of the Day with Rest,
Strangers to Frauds and Flatteries of Courts,
To Rumours, Lies, and busy Fame's Reports;
The little Fortune gave, enjoy'd in Health,
Far from the Pomp and Miseries of Wealth, 70
From mad Ambition, and obnoxious Cares,
From Councils, Politics, and State Affairs;
From honest Industry, drew all their Store,
And, well contented, never sought for more.

Here first PAMELA drew the vernal Air, 75
The beauteous Daughter of this happy Pair;
And had, whilst Innocence preserv'd her Charms,
(But, oh! what Pow'r can Beauty guard from Harms)
Had such excessive Sweetness in her Face,
Nature grew lavish to supply each Grace, 80

Beauty

Beauty which o'er the World might well prevail,
 And lead Mankind in Chains -- but she was frail:
 However, absent, you may tax her Fame,
 But once behold her, and you cannot blame;
 Her Eyes with such resistless Motion roll,
 One Look disarms all Rage, and wins the Soul.

PAMELA now forsakes the rural Plains,
 The humble Cottage, and the fighting Swains,
 Her weeping Parents, and her mourning Friends,
 Equipt for Service, and as Maid attends;
 A few sad Drops at Parting cloud her Eyes;
 Her throbbing Heart sends forth a thousand Sighs,
 And as she journeys, often turns to view
 Those blissful Scenes so lately bid adieu.
 The Sun less glorious, from the Eastern Skies,
 When from the Purple Dawn his Beams arise,
 Paints the gay Morn, and gilds the chearful Day,
 Or darts his Rays along the trembling Sea,

Than

Than fair PAMELA, when those Clouds are fled,
Gather'd by Tears in filial-Duty shed: 100
So cast her Eyes their brighter Glances round,
And give each Bosom, but her own, a Wound.

But now she shines in Furbellos and Lace,
A pert, young, beauteous Chambermaid in Place,
A Lady's Fav'rite, in a taudry Gown, 105
The fairest, but the vainest in the Town;
Nor did one Flatt'rer yet Admittance find,
To raise the least Disturbance in her Mind;
Tho' Crouds the Victims of her Beauty fall,
With like Contempt she overlooks them all: 110
Cautious she acts, tho' difficult the Part,
For still the Female plays about her Heart.
The Queen of Love, to whose peculiar Care
Jove has assign'd the Empire of the Fair,
Ere yet PAMELA breathes the genial Day, 115
Asserts her Empire, and confirms her Sway;

With early Care resistless Charms creates,
Implores MINERVA, and implores the FATES,
By Turns implores all the Celestial Pow'rs, 119
Implores bright HYMEN, and the rip'ning HOURS,
Implores the GRACES, and the MUSES Aid,
To bless the Birth of this heroic Maid.
Consenting Deities their Gifts bestow,
While JUNO mixes complicated Woe;
And as the Thread of Life the SISTERS drew, 125
She mingled Shame and Falshood in the Clue.
To Both the FATES an equal Homage paid,
And JUNO now, and VENUS is obey'd.
Thus envious JUNO, from contracted Hate,
Ere her first Dawn of Life foredoom'd her Fate,
And plac'd malignant Spirits at her Birth, 131
Obnoxious GNOMES, and mischievous on Earth,
Prudes in this Life, who long neglected dy'd,
Who curse their Folly, and lament their Pride;
Who

The FAIR IMPOSTOR.

II

Who all the Malice of their Lives retain, 135
The cruel Joy of giving others Pain.
And thus the Sister and the Wife of Jove,
For ever adverse to the Queen of Love,
Deep in her Soul rolls future Vengeance o'er,
Nor were the Labours of ALCIDES more. 140

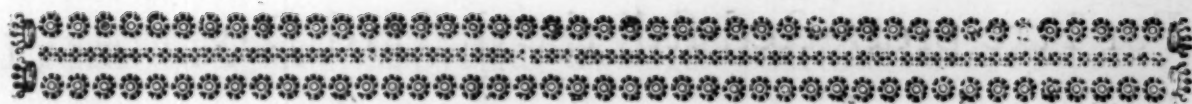
While VENUS meditates the future Maid,
Summons the SYLPHS and SYLPHIDS to her Aid :
A Maid, she cry'd, that shall the World adorn,
Belov'd by me, in distant *Britain* born ;
Thither ye bright aerial Sprites repair, 145
And guard from future Harms the infant Fair,
Nor once neglect to watch around her Bed,
Or on her Pillow perch, or hover o'er her Head ;
Banish th' intruding Fop, and coz'ning Beau,
And watch the wide Extremity below : 150
There most I fear ; but what, alas ! avails
A Guardian Spirit when the Flesh prevails.

Thus spoke the Goddess: All the Spirits fly,
 And dart like Lightning thro' the liquid Sky;
 With busy Care attend the growing Dame, 155
 To guard her Honour, and secure her Fame.

End of the First Canto.



CANTO



C A N T O II.

PA M E L A now beholds with joyful Eyes,
Just at Fifteen, resistless Charms arise :
Darts, Flames, and Passions echo in her Ear,
And pressing Lovers in large Crouds appear.
But still her Pride and future Hopes repel 5
Those Flames her Eyes had Pow'r to raise so well.
Peers, Beaux, and Footmen drag her heavy Chains,
And vent their Woes in melancholy Strains.
Fruitless all Efforts, all Attempts upon her,
To bribe her Virtue, or betray her Honour. 10
Too nice a drudging Footman's Wife to be;
And she'd be no Man's Mistress, --- no not she.

Offers

Offers despis'd might Duchesses betray ;
For Fate protracted still the destin'd Day.

But now her Tears again begin to flow, 15

And her Heart sinks beneath a Weight of Woe.

Her bounteous Lady now resigns her Breath,

And her's the Task to close her Eyes in Death :

Here fix'd, awhile, o'er the sad Corpse she stands,
Weeps, sighs, and stares, and lifts her helpless Hands.

As when expiring in a purple Flood, 21

The Queen of Beauty o'er ADONIS stood,

Awhile the weeping Goddess clouds her Charms,

And Grief the Lustre of her Eyes disarms :

But soon those Eyes their former Force resume,

Again she brightens with superior Bloom ! 26

Still more illustrious glides along the Plain,

Darts purer Rays, and is ador'd again.

Sir BLUNDER now with ample Fortune blest'd,

Sees both his Parents in the Grave at rest ;

Of

Of large Domains possess'd in simple Fee, 30
From weighty Mortgages and Jointures free;
With deep Designs he acts a double Part,
To win, and to betray PAMELA's Heart.
With deeper Art yet acts the cautious Fair,
Nor bids him hope, nor bids him yet despair: 35
Throws forth those Lures so seldom known to fail,
Yet doubtful holds the Ballance of the Scale.
Sudden she darts the Lightning of her Eyes,
Calls forth her Charms, and bids her Colour rise;
Then looks with meek Confusion on the Ground,
While glowing Blushes give a deeper Wound: 41
With vary'd Arts she plays the subtle Game,
And ev'n her Frowns but fan the rising Flame.
The future Prospect of a happy Life,
Of rumbling Coaches, and an honour'd Wife; 45
Of Flambeaux, Titles, Equipage, and Noise,
And a long Series of protracted Joys;

Of Courts, Plays, Operas, Assemblies, Beaux;
 Of Lap-dogs, Parrots, Masquerades, and Shews;
 The chief Ambition of the Female kind, 50
 Like flowing Tides come rushing on her Mind.

Mean Time Sir BLUNDER, anxious to betray,
 Fix'd on Enjoyment, meditates the way: - - -
 While the malicious GNOMES, on Mischief bent,
 From his gilt Box in Snuff these Vapours sent: 55
 Night will secure her Fears, her Blushes hide;
 'Twas Night when SEXTUS forc'd the *Roman* Bride.
 Night gives the Virgin loose Desires; unseen
 May give a Slave th' Embraces of a Queen.
 Then modest Matrons all their Fears remove, 60
 Glow with Desire, and give a Loose to Love,
 When no obtruding busy Eyes betray:
 All Deeds of Love abhor the Tell-tale Day.
 Then Night must guide me to PAMELA's Arms,
 Conceal her Blushes, and reveal her Charms;

When

When strong Compulsion may alone prevail,
If Hopes of Gain and proffer'd Friendship fail.

Big with the Project, now, the plotting Knight,
Impatient, waits the slow Approach of Night:
But faithful ARIEL's watchful Care destroys 70
The happy Issue of his promis'd Joys,
And warns his little Legions of the Air,
To guard PAMELA with redoubled Care.

" Some heavy Cloud, which yet the Fates decree,

" She may with Care avoid, (he cry'd) I see, 75

" Impends ere Day o'er fair PAMELA's Head,

" Before she rises from her downy Bed ;

" Or if a Lover by Appointment meets,

" To gain a Kiss, or slip between the Sheets ;

" Or if to steal some precious private Thing -- 80

" A secret Lock to beautify a Ring, ---

" Her Top-knot, Snuff-box, Girdle, or her Shoes,

" Or some more trifling Toy a Maid may loose ;

“ Of these be diligent, be these your Care ;
 “ I’ll be myself the Guardian of the Hair, 85
 “ That on her Head, and that which grows else-
 where.”

He said ; and streight they catch the flying Sound,
 And flutt’ring on the Wing their Ward surround.

P A M E L A now in Sleep forgets her Cares, 89
 Her Parents, Lovers, Conquests, and her Pray’rs,
 Sunk down to Rest ; while busy S Y L P H S attend,
 Nor yet dare one malicious G N O M E offend :
 Some perch upon the painted Snuff-box Lid,
 Some in the Carvings of the Buckles hid ;
 By the Bed’s Head a Chair supported those, 95
 While the last Pinch regal’d the Fair one’s Nose ;
 Some in the double Foldings of the Bed ;
 A R I E L himself was plac’d about her Head :
 While some the Girdle, some the Top-knot mind,
 And each applies him to the Task assign’d. 100

The

The Knight, with Love now raging to Excess,
From his close Ambush sees the Fair undress;
Flames with Desire, to see her Neck, her Breast,
Her Arms, her Thighs, her --- Muse conceal the rest.
As PARIS once beheld in *Ida's* Grove, 105
The naked Beauties of the Queen of Love.
But had PAMELA then her Rival been,
She'd won the Apple from the *Cyprian* Queen.

The Knight, unable longer to contain,
Attempts PAMELA, but attempts in vain:
Just as he enters ARIEL claps his Wings,
And on the Cheek the sleeping Beauty stings,
And softly whispers, "Do not yet resign
" Thy Virgin Treasure, and Sir BLUNDER's thine:
" Drive him, oh! drive him distant from thy Bed;
" He loves to Madness, and in Time will wed:

“ Keep but your Honour spotless from Reproach ;
 Think on the Charms of Wealth, a Title, and a Coach.
 She wakes ! and squalls to see a Man so near :

He seizes ! and she struggles to get clear. 120

“ I must --- he cry’d, --- P A M E L A, --- yes, --- I must --- ”

And into naked Bed one Leg he thrust ;
 His trembling Arms around her Body throws,
 Clings to her Breast, and spurns away the Cloaths.

Claspt in his Arms the struggling Beauty lay, 125
 (Tho’ not in Raptures) till she died away.

Resistless now ! submitted to his Will !

Had not her Guardian SYLPHS preserv’d her still.

They give P A M E L A Courage to controul,

And mingle Pity with Sir BLUNDER’S Soul. 130

He now recedes ! but he recedes with Loss ---

Of Honour only --- stands with Arms across.

Intense he stands, and views the prostrate Dame,
 With rising Blushes, and with conscious Shame.

She

She now revives! and the loud Storm grows high,
And the big Drops come rolling from her Eye.

“ What mighty Conquest can your Honour make?

“ Or what have I to give, or you to take? 135

She cry'd, (while he almost a Statue stood)

“ Alas! my *Vartue* is my only Good. 140

“ Seek not to ruin a young Maiden so:

“ Good Night your Honour; pray your Honour, go!

“ Tho' poor my Parents, yet they're honest, sure;

“ Indeed they'd blush to hear I'd be a Whore.

“ No, no! PAMELA never will do that.” 145

And down (loose wrapt) upon the Bed she sat.

Mean Time the Knight, with anxious Thoughts
oppress'd,

(For Love's fierce Flames blaz'd stronger in his
Breast)

Views with devouring Eyes her Person o'er: 149

Her Birth distracts him --- but her Beauty more.

“ My

“My Pride forbids I should PAMELA wed,
 (He thinks) “And yet I must partake her Bed:
 “What cautious Step can yet secure my Fame;
 “Or she or I must suffer certain Shame.”

Thus musing with himself awhile he stands, 155
 Then, slow advancing, takes her by the Hands,
 And thus, “Excuse, PAMELA, this Intrusion;
 “Excuse the Cause of all this vast Confusion;
 “Your Master is your Penitent become:
 “Look up and speak; why? Child, you are not
 “dumb! 160

“Can you forgive?” She faintly utters, --- *Yes*.
 Sir BLUNDER seals his Pardon with a Kiss;
 Retires for Rest, but he retires in vain;
 For lustful Longings fill his troubled Brain,
 Prevent his Eye-lids the whole Night to close,
 Disturb his Mind, and banish soft Repose. 166

Not

Not so the Nymph, who soon forgets her Fears,
Secures the Closet, and dries up her Tears,
Sleeps in Content the silent Night away,
And rolls and tumbles half the foll'wing Day. 170
While busy SYLPHS again resume their Care,
Breathe pleasant Dreams, and guard the slumb'ring
Fair.

End of the Second Canto.



CANTO



C A N T O III.

NOW pleading Counsels were by Fools retain'd,
And ruin'd Clients of their Money drain'd.
Now the new Bridegroom long had left his Bride.
And Judges, brib'd, had set Decrees aside.
BETTY had stolen from her Master's Room.
And trembling Criminals attend their Doom.
Now busy Footmen brush th' unpaid-for Cloaths;
And the stiff Dunn to 's Lordship's Levee goes.
The greasy Duchess, at her Toilet, now
Repairs the wrinkled Face, and grizly Brow.
PHOEBUS had half the teeming Earth survey'd,
Ere yet his Beams awak'd the lovely Maid;
Ere yet those Eyes unclos'd, whose Lightning plays
Beyond the Lustre of his purest Rays.

But

But no wrought*Slipper knocks against the Ground,
 And no press'd Watch returns the Silver Sound;
 No Maids attend, no shining Toilet's grac'd;
 PAMELA's only by PAMELA lac'd;
 No menial stands with gentle Care to move
 The shining Tortoise thro' the sable Grove; 20
 No other Hands to deck her but her own,
 And her kind SYLPHS perceptible to none;
 These bright Aerials, with officious Care,
 Still dance a glad Attendance on the Fair,
 Or bind the Cæstus, or adorn the Head, 25
 Or plait the Mantua, or the Apron spread.
 PAMELA now another Goddess moves,
 Consults her Mirror, and her Face approves,
 Where no Cosmetic, where no Art bestows
 The crimson Coral, or the blushing Rose;
 The panting Breast, that flames descending Snow,
 Or Gales that richer than *Arabia* flow:

D

For

* Vide *Rape of the Lock.* ✓

For Art, at best, but fading Beauty gives,
 A short-lived Bloom, that but a Moment lives.
 Vain of those Charms that gay Fifteen inspires, 35
 Those Aids she scorns, declining Age requires;
 Her nimble Fingers now the Needle wield,
 (The Middle guarded by a Silver Shield)
 Thro' the thin Cambrick drives the pointed Steel,
 So small, that few, except herself, cou'd feel. 40
 When ARIEL, perching on the Pin, that bound
 The Lawn that wrapt her whiter Neck around,
 Conveys these strong Ideas to her Mind:
 " What Safety here can poor PAMELA find?
 " Fly then, PAMELA, and preserve thy Fame; 45
 " Thy Stay must terminate in certain Shame:
 " Who knows what Fortune has reserved in Store
 " Sir BLUNDER ne'er will marry his own Whore,
 " And should he tempt me by a second Tryal,
 " My Heart I doubt wou'd give a faint Denial; 50

" I'm

“ I’m now amongst the Beaux a reigning Toast,
“ Must make my Fortune e’er my Beauty’s lost.
“ Love is a Passion Reason cannot guide;
“ Love conquers Reason, and will conquer Pride.
“ Now for a Master-piece of Female Art, 55
“ T’ alarm his Love, and yet secure his Heart:
“ Last Night has furnish’d me with just Pretence,
“ I’ll change my Dress, and seem to go from hence;
“ What Habit best will do? a Quaker’s Stuff
“ Will shew my Shape, and is genteel enough. 60
“ How many have I known to sigh in vain,
“ For Folly past, and fruitlessly complain;
“ Bewail the Moment the Deceiver came;
“ When small Resistance might have sav’d their Fame?
“ Then shun Temptation, be a Female Wonder, 65
“ And what is more,—PAMELA, Lady BLUNDER!”

Big with the Project, now she musters all
Her little Fortune, in the Common Hall;

On JERVIS calls, to view the Bundle o'er,
 Cautious of being thought a Thief as Whore; 70
 [JERVIS, who o'er the House Affairs presides]

And thus her little, but her all, divides:

" These Stays, these Stockings, my dead Lady gave;

" (But, rest her Soul! she's happy in the Grave)

" This Apron;--- no,--- this is my own,--- quite clean;

" And this foul Shift, indecent to be seen! 76

" This Silver Ribbon, and these Shoes once braded;

" This Gown, twice turn'd, but flimsy now and faded;

" This Cambrick Handkerchief the Monkey tore,

" My Lady's Present, which I never wore; 80

" This Lawn about my Neck, I got one Day,

" My Lady gave me when I tedded Hay;

" That's all, I think. --- Now, Mrs. JERVIS, see,

" There's nothing else, but what belongs to me:

" This Pair of Mittens, and this Smelling Bottle;

" This other Apron, and this **Harystottle*;

This

“ This round-ear’d Cap ; two more are at the Wash ;
“ That’s all ! beside this Housewife for my Trash :
“ These none can keep ; but let his Honour know,
“ I’ll leave the rest behind me, when I go. 90
“ You’re kind to poor PAMELA, Mrs. JERVIS ;
“ And many Thanks for all your Love and Service.

The Knight, who long, conceal’d behind the Screen,
Had all these Actions of PAMELA seen,
Dumb with Surprize, and dying with Despair, 95
With greedy Hopes pursues the flying Fair,
Too heedless ; marks not the design’d Deceit,
The female Fallacy, and coz’ning Cheat.
So the melodious Lark, on soaring Wings,
Thro’ yielding Air, in wild Rotations sings, 100
Hears from afar his mimic Voice below,
Pursues the Sound, nor does the Falshood know ;
While the sly Fowler draws the silent Strings,
Mounts the Decoys, and down the Songster springs.
Too

Too late he struggles to regain the Air, 105
 And pants, and flutters, helpless in the Snare.
 Thus she in short Excursions seems to fly,
 Slackens her Pace, and draws Sir BLUNDER nigh;
 The Bird of Love, allures him to the Net,
 By that Deceiver, fatal Beauty, set; 110
 Where only struggling but entangles more,
 And breaks those Pinions which could mount before.

His Mind he now on Stratagems employs,
 Bent to obtain, by Fraud, or Force, his Joys;
 Prevails at length on the reluctant Maid, 115
 (Now to her Wish compulsively delay'd)
 T'accept the Chariot, ere the Fortnight ends,
 To leave her safe, in Credit with her Friends:
 Mean time, new Arts she practices to move
 The Knight, entangled in the Toils of Love; 120
 Not more the Wretch who haunts a Court in vain,
 The Country Curate, or the City Dean,

The

The Half-pay Hero, long refus'd to fight,
The voting Burgefs, or the cringing Knight,
Sighs for Preferment, than Sir BLUNDER fights,
To make the fair PAMELA's Heart his Prize. 126
Not more a broken Gamefter longs to play,
Or the high Pensioner for Quarter-Day;
Not more a Lady longs new Modes to try,
Or the young Heir to fee his Father die, 130
Than he to bribe PAMELA to his Will,
And yet keep free from gauling Wedlock ftill!
While ſhe with ſecret Raptures fees his Flame,
Throws forth new Lures, and plays a ſurer Game,
Miſtreſs of Policy, new Arts effays, 135
Earneſt to go, ſhe forms ftill new Delays;
She ſeems to hate, and yet he's ever dear,
To ſhun his Prefence, --- yet ſhe's ever near.
So Sportsmen ſeem to ſhun the Game in View,
Obliquely look, and glancingly purſue. 140

Now

Now stript of all that swells a Female Heart,
The Pride of Dress, and Elegance of Art,
In home-spun Stuff she moves with greater Grace.
Like bright DIANA in the sylvan Chace,
Her Eyes the Darts that give the fatal Blow, 145
And lay the savage Lords of Reason low.
With study'd Graces, and a Mein compos'd,
Her snow-white Breast, her Arms and Neck disclos'd,
With all her Charms display'd, in this Disguise,
To fire Sir BLUNDER'S Heart with new Surprise;
To bind him faster in her Chains she goes,
Fair as the Morn, more lovely than the Rose,
Full of herself, and doubting to be known,
Where he in pensive Sadness sat alone;
Sudden she turns, and smiling as she turns,
Th'unguarded Knight with quick Impatience burns;
Amaz'd, surveys! and scarce can Utt'rance find;
Stands like an Aspin trembling to the Wind,

Till

Till, more collected, he perceives the Cheat,
Smiles at the Fraud, and favours the Deceit: 160
With eager Joy a thousand times he Kifs'd her,
Nor would he know PAMELA from her Sister ;
The melting Maid had near resign'd her Charms,
And almost gave up all within his Arms.
But ARIEL yet the fated Hour suspends, 165
When with his Care PAMELA's Honour ends:
Sudden she springs, and with a Scream she flies,
And leaves the Knight transfix'd with deep Surprize.

End of the Third Canto.





C A N T O IV

AS skilful Generals, with watchful Eyes,
 Concert an Ambush, or avoid Surprize;
 Feign fearful Flights, yet no Advantage lose,
 And sometimes this, and sometimes that pursues;
 Doubt their own Strength to stand the Chance of War;
 Shun the close Fight, and skirmish from afar; 6
 The cautious Couple, equally afraid,
 The humble Master, and imperious Maid,
 Alike reserv'd, still keep the doubtful Field,
 Contend for Conquest, and disdain to yield: 10
 While one great End alike directs them all,
 The Hero's Ruin, or the Virgin's Fall.

But

But now the Knight beholds th' appointed Day,
By proud PAMELA fix'd to go away.

" Can Love repuls'd no lucky Thought devise? 15

(The pensive, melancholy Lover cries)

" Must this imperious Beauty triumph still,

" Spread a wide Waste, and like a Tyrant kill?

" Yet all want Force to speed th' unerring Dart,

" And find one secret Passage to her Heart? 20

" Yes! Spite of Caution, this insulting Dame

" Shall meet my Love, and quench my am'rous Flame!

" Fraud shall obtain, what I in vain implore;

" Nor will I meanly use Intreaties more!

" No Parents yet shall bless the kneeling Fair, 25

" While I sustain the Curse of deep Despair!

" PAMELA, yes! my faithful Char'oteer

" Shall to that lonely Mansion *Bedfordshire*,

" Swift as the Wind, my winged Coursers guide,

" Where you my Passion may in vain deride! 30

" Where, unoppos'd, I may protract my Joys,

" And taste the rich Repast, secure from Noise ;

" Where sure Allays my eager Love shall have,

" Secret as Night, and silent as the grave !"

Mean Time PAMELA, earnest to be gone, 35.

In Hopes thereby to draw Sir BLUNDER ON,

With throbbing Heart, and intervening Fears,

With Hopes, Doubts, Wishes, mingled Sighs, and

Tears,

Takes Leave of all, except the thoughtful Knight,

Who now, for Ease of Mind, avoids her Sight. 40

Not so PAMELA, spite of all her Pride,

Who smiling throws the founding Portal wide,

Swift as a Phantome glides along the Room,

With brighter Glances, and superior Bloom,

Takes her last Leave, and bending most profound,

Returns her Thanks, and casts her Beams around.

So darts the Sun a sudden trembling Ray,

Thro' the thick Clouds, and cheers the louring Day,

The

The mourning Family, lamenting view,
The parting Maid, and bid a long Adieu.

And now the treach'rous Knight begins to stare
Thro' the close Casement, and discern the Fair;
He mingles Tears! so strongly Beauty moves,
And weeping Woman melts the Man that loves!
The most auspicious Hour of his Success,
His glowing Heart partakes of her Distress!
Whilst Women, naturally prone to Ill,
Thro' real Love, like DEJANIRA kill!

Soon as the neighing Steeds begin their Flight,
He sends his rolling Eyes, and strains his Sight;
The gazing Servants, wave their Hands in Air,
And the last Nod salutes the sighing Fair;
With Eyes bent back, in kind Return she sends,
The silent Tokens of departing Friends.

While

While unperceiv'd the watchful Knight withdrew,
And streight prepar'd, impatient, to pursue. 66

PAMELA now, who yet suspects no Fraud,
Full of her Virtue, does herself applaud,
Deep in her Mind revolves the lab'ring Scene,
What now she is, and what she might have been,
With Wonder meditates her blest Escape, 71
From strong Temptations, and a threaten'd Rape.
A thousand various Thoughts alternate rise,
The Births of Fancy, that expire in Sighs!
Sudden Productions of the pregnant Brain, 75
That forward crowd, as diff'rent Passions reign.
The Charms of Keeping, and exalted State
Of low-born Beauties, honour'd by the Great;
Th' Example of her Sex, who're kept, and keep;
Of Duchesses, who with their Footmen sleep,
Secure from Scandal; all (for who so bold
To tax her Virtue, who's bedeck'd with Gold)

Glare

Glare in her Eyes, and strong Impressions make.
(So Vice deceives, when Virtue is at Stake)
Now she regrets, and now she's pleas'd to be 85
Of Fame untainted, and from Censure free:
While deep Concern obstructs the Springs of Life,
Despair of being made Sir BLUNDER'S Wife.

The blue-ey'd Ev'ning now her Face displays,
And the Sun Westward points his setting Rays; 90
The calm Horizon glows with various Dyes,
And the cool Zephyrs breathe along the Skies;
The feather'd Flocks to Groves and Shades repair:
And painted Flow'rs perfume the curling Air;
Now wearied Travellers, and lab'ring Swains, 35
Long for Repose, and quit the fertile Plains,
Ere the bright Maid (in wand'ring Fancy lost,
From Thought to Thought in wild Confusion toss'd)
With all her Cunning's able to discover
The well-laid Scheme and Practice of her Lover.

New Hopes inspire her Breast, disperse her Trouble,
 Furnish fresh Airs, and all her Pride redouble:
 "The Fates are cruel, and her Stars severe,"
 And now she rates the treach'rous Char'oteer;
 Now her Tongue rattles off, the false Sir BLUNDER,
 Quick as a Parrot's and as loud as Thunder. 106
 So a brib'd Counsel warmly pleads the Laws,
 Tho' predetermin'd to betray the Cause.

PAMELA now a tedious Journey ends
 At a lone Mansion, distant from her Friends, 110
 The promised Victim of the lustful Knight,
 Watch'd the whole Day, and doubly barr'd by Night;
 Seems to repine, and makes an outward Shew,
 Of deep Distress, and complicated Woe,
 Feigns interrupted Flights, and dreadful Falls,
 Long Tales of Drowning, and of scaling Walls.
 So much does Female Policy excel
 The Reach of Man, they counterfeit so well.

Now

Now JUNO's Malice rushes on apace,
And SYLPHS, and GNOMES, by Turns, each other
chace; 120

The bloodless Parties combat in the Air,
The SYLPHS protect, and GNOMES mislead the
Fair;

While the fly Virgin, from her Keeper JEWES,
Hears a sad Lesson of unkind Rebukes;
Who calls the Chaplain, WILLIAMS, to her Aid,
To chide and document the stubborn Maid. 126

Th' officious GNOMES inflame PAMELA's Heart,
(Now doom'd to fall in spite of all her Art)
Revengful JUNO's direful Wrath fulfil,
Delight in Mischief, and rejoyce in Ill, 130
Gain the Ascendant o'er her Innocence,
Usurp her Mind, and banish Virtue thence.
Who from repeated Visits now grows free,
Until instructed as she ought to be.

From the lov'd Chaplain can no Secret hide, 140
 But quite abandon'd throws the Mask aside ;
 Gives up that Blessing, which so long in vain,
 The dying Knight endeavour'd to obtain.
 The faithful SYLPHS, dejected, upward go,
 Like IRIS wafted on her painted Bow, 145
 Heavy of Heart the light Aerials flew,
 Which the malicious GNOMES with Pleasure view,
 Give the loose Maid to feel unchaste Desires,
 And in her Bosom kindle *Ætna's* Fires.

Mean time the SYLPHS, the Queen of Love
 explore, 150
 Tell the sad Tale, and are dispatch'd once more,
 To give PAMELA Fortitude of Mind,
 In one great Crisis of her Fate behind :
 PAMELA's blameless, 'tis the Fates Decree,
 Nor can their Mandates be revers'd by me : 155
 But

But this (she cries) they will allow at least,
She may be one important Minute chaste;
For in that Instant, if she's not betray'd,
She weds Sir BLUNDER, and her Fortune's made.
But in her Drink this Sprig of Camphor steep, 160
Of Growth cælestial, (as she lies asleep)
The cold Infusion does so valid prove,
So strong an Antidote to Sports of Love,
If drank by me, I'd suffer on my Breast,
The God of War to slumber uncare's'd. 165
She said! and streight the heav'nly Gift they take,
And darting downward thro' thick Æther break,
Soon they behold the guilty Fair from far,
Again surround her, and renew the War.

End of the Fourth Canto.



CANTO V.

MEANtime PAMELA, not quite void of Shame,
 Who now, grown wiser, hates Sir BLUNDER'S
 Name,

Doats on the Priest, who ev'ry Hour improves,
 The growing Bliss of their ill-fated Loves.
 Secret he visits, and with Caution acts;
 Obtruding Eyes disclose no real Facts,
 Beyond what Virtue might the Church allow,
 A private Conference, or a publick Bow.
 Too well he knew what dreadful Wrath would fall,
 From pow'rful Hands, and overwhelm them all: 10
 That ardent Lovers no Encroachments bear,
 And all, alike, are Misers of the Fair.
 On a green Bank, a spangled Sun-flow'r grows,
 The rival Neighbour of the lovely Rose,

Beneath

Beneath whose Roots, the sly PAMELA thrust 15

The folded Volume in the secret Dust.

Deep thro' the Womb of Earth conveys her Mind,

For wishing Women many Methods find ;

And female Wit, no Equal ever knew,

T' appoint a Spark, or speed a Billet-doux. 20

The courteous Correspondents ev'ry Hour,

Paid frequent Visits to this lively Flower.

As Devotees frequent the sacred Tomb,

Where Saints, long canoniz'd, were laid at *Rome*.

While WILLIAMS, to defraud the coming Knight, 25

Consults her Safety, and prepares her Flight.

Now JOHN, the Footman, thunders at the Gate,

As proud, and surly, as a Magistrate.

Who loudly signifies, the near Approach,

Of his impatient Master's tedious Coach; 30

While at th' Allarm, the false PAMELA stands,

Liketrembling Reeds, and wrings her faithless Hands,

Who

Who bounds her Prospects now with narrower Views,
 And would the Chaplain, ere the Patron chuse,
 Receives Sir BLUNDER, as if half afraid, 35
 With all the Coyness of a modest Maid ;
 Alike reserv'd, the meditating Knight,
 For more substantial Joys prepares the Night.

Now busy Eyes a while forget to roll,
 And needful Slumber seals the active Soul ; 40
 Ev'n Care a while in short Oblivion lies,
 And wretched Poverty suspends her Cries !
 Now Dreams are summon'd from the Realms below,
 And Wretches taste of Bliss, and Kings of Woe.
 But Love ! intruding, Man-disturbing Guest, 45
 Sends sad Distraction to Sir BLUNDER's Breast.
 Forbids his Mind to rest, his Eyes to close,
 When weary Nature links to soft Repose,
 Bedeck'd

Bedeck'd with Ribbons, and in Silks array'd,
Like her own Sex, he now assails the Maid. 50
So once ACHILLES, THETIS' Godlike Son,
And great ALCIDES at the Distaff spun,
And DEIDAMIA and OMPHALE won. }
Such is the Pow'r of Love, that almost can,
To very Woman change the bravest Man. 55
PAMELA, who of late endur'd to be,
In the throng'd Bed, the middlemost of three,
Her Master, for the Chamber-maid mistakes,
Nor yet too sound she sleeps, nor well she wakes,
While he, unrobing, hides his bearded Face, 60
Steals into Bed, and strains a close Embrace :
She yawns, she stretches, feels, ---then loudly squalls,
Crosses her Legs, and for Assistance calls,
In vain the struggling Nymph employs her Strength,
Held by the Arms, she lies a helpless Length ;
What can her Honour in this Crisis guard ?
ARIEL alone protects his prostrate Ward.

Thrice had she quaff'd cælestial Camphor down,
 Of Taste nectorial, but of Colour brown,
 Greedy as thirsty Drunkards swallow Ale ; 70
 But here its Virtues, and Effects all fail ;
 For the malicious GNOMES subdue her Mind,
 And unreserv'd she yields, to Love resign'd ;
 Breathless, and faint, the glowing Beauty lies,
 An easy Conquest, and a glorious Prize, 75
 Had not the active SYLPHS renew'd their Care,
 The Knight surrounded, and forsook the Fair,
 Compassion, Horror, and Dismay infus'd,
 Till his Heart melts, to see the Fair abus'd :
 Dissolv'd in Pity, he forsakes the Bed, 80
 Mourns his Offence, and half resolves to wed.
 While JEWKES ubraids him, for not having done,
 What she'd have wish'd, had been the Case her own.

PAMELA now with wild Confusion sees,
 (From the false Fit recover'd by Degrees) 85

The

The penfive Knight, with mute Attention look,
Earnest she ey'd him, and her Head she shook;
While to the Rock of Penitence he's driv'n,
Submissive fues, and is again forgiven.
But to have heard the disappointed Maid, 90
By Turns the Bawd, and Ravisher upbraid,
Who but must laugh, to see her feign her Fears,
Of being undone, and force a Flood of Tears;
Whate'er Pretence might be, --- her secret Pain,
Was to have been attempted, --- and in vain, 95
And WILLIAMS had been welcome to've appeas'd.
The Tempest that Sir BLUNDER rudely rais'd.

Soon as the Morning does her Face display,
PAMELA, rising with the dawning Day,
Visits the Sun-flow'r, and exhibits there, 100
In one large Pacquet, the whole Night's Affair:
The anxious Chaplain views the hasty Scoll,
Grief at his Heart, and Sorrow at his Soul,

And whilst her Flight he meditates in vain,
The Knight discards her for her cold Disdain ;
Determin'd never to behold her more, 106
She's now for ever banish'd from his Door ;
A tedious Journey now compell'd to take,
Almost distracted for the Chaplain's Sake.
In Haste to follow, WILLIAMS now prepares, 110
Neglectful of his Homilies and Pray'rs.
The prying Knight, whose jealous Mind suspects
Clandestine Correspondence, now detects
Th' intriguing Chaplain in his close Amour,
And fears to think PAMELA is a Whore ; 115
Vindictive Fury kindles in his Breast,
Resentment just, and Vengeance is express'd
In all his Looks, his Actions, and his Words !
Wild as the Mountain Deer, or Forest Birds.
Then forms this Scheme, impossible to fail, 120
To lodge his ghostly Rival in a Jail.

With

With Rage collected, to Revenge he flies,
Till lustful Pray'r-Drudge in a Prison lies:
Reward of Perfidy! oh, hapless State:

He's left in Penitence to macerate! 125

Be this your Caution, who keep handsome Whores,
Drive pamper'd Parsons distant from your Doors:
Of this observant, Chaplains, don't offend,
Nor for false Woman lose a real Friend.

But Love, the strongest Passion of the Mind, 130
To all her Faults had made Sir BLUNDER blind;
Infatuation urg'd him on his Fate,
PAMELA to possess at any Rate;
Her stubborn Heart determin'd to subdue,
Hasty he scroals a servile Billet-doux, 135
That ev'n MEDEA's cruel Heart might move,
Stuff'd with the senseless Rhetorick of Love:
Wedlock he names, with Innuendos strong, ---
She should be happy, and his Wife ere long;

Since the Temptations which before he try'd, 140
Had prov'd her Worth, sufficient for his Bride.
Thoughtless Sir BLUNDER, from this Period Date,
The future Series of your hapless Fate!
Tho' now in fancy'd Bliss,--- too soon you'll mourn,
And grieve the Moment of her curs'd Return. 145
And while you judge, you're in an Angel blest,
You'll find a latent Serpent in your Breast.
So CORVUS thought his Bride had heav'nly Charms,
But found MEGARA raging in his Arms.

The speedy Courier now o'ertakes the Maid, 150
Where, for Refreshment, on the Road she stay'd:
True to her Sex, with Falshood in her Soul,
She kisses, reads, then hugs, the welcome Scroll.
Her Fortune meditates, returns in Haste,
Impatient to conduct the Nuptial Feast. 155
But such the Falshood of a Woman's Heart,
So dark their Cunning, and so deep their Art;

So certain to deceive, where Honour binds,
Such Frailty taints their undetermin'd Minds,
Who's most oblig'd, is soonest insincere, 160
And she's most faithless, who is held most dear:
Nor would the best, could she her Fame secure,
One Hour deliberate, to play the Whore.

The Wedding Day, by joint Agreement fixt,
At length (with some short Interval betwixt); 165
To this the SYLPHS, and GNOMES alike agreed,
The GNOMES consented, as the Fates decreed;
For such was their Decree, that she should wed,
And reign the Tyrant of her Master's Bed.
Now all preceding Ceremonies o'er, 170
PAMELA's his, and she is coy no more;
Whilst baudry Jests around the Table fall,
And she the pointed Mark, and Butt of all.
Soon she retires, nor ignorant she goes,
To wait his Coming, thoughtless of Repose. 175

The

54 *P A M E L A ; or,*

The Pow'rs of Love, the faithful SYLPHS discharge,
 Now free to roam the Realms of Air at large ;
 While yet the busy GNOMES, by JUNO sent,
 Domestick Jarrs, and growing Feuds foment,
 No more of Manners mild, or Temper gay, 180
 PAMELA now contends for sov'reign Sway ;
 The fierce Virago throws the Mask aside,
 And streight shews forth her native head-strong Pride.
 In Bed dissatisfy'd, in Love grown cold,
 Nothing he has can please her---but his Gold. 185
 Soon a large Diff'rence 'twixt the Rival Lovers
 (Sir BLUNDER, and the Chaplain) she discovers,
 While he's perplext a wide Extreme to meet,
 And her so alter'd, who was once discreet.
 But, ah ! too late, his Errors he bemoans, 190
 And to the Musick of her Lectures groans.
 As the shrill Trumpet, amidst loud Alarms,
 Sounds to the Charge, and urges on to Arms ;
 Her

Her Tongue as loud, and to the full as shrill,
And restless as the Clacker of a Mill, 195
Worries Sir BLUNDER, till he condescends,
He, and the Chaplain, should again be Friends:
Both she had try'd, and who so skill'd to chuse;
Both she prefer'd, nor would she either loose.
Thus like Twin Stars, within her Sphere they move;
One for his Gold prefer'd, and one for Love. 201

The drudging Chaplain is again restor'd,
To her Embraces, and his Patron's Board;
Long, unsuspected, he enjoy'd her Charms,
Shar'd in her Love, and revell'd in her Arms. 205
At length the Knight, by curst Misfortune came,
And was himself the Witness of her Shame.
Citations issu'd, and such Things of course,
Nor could the Law obtain him a Divorce.
Long Bills he fil'd, but broke his Heart with Grief,
Nor could his Riches purchase him Relief; 211
For

For who, in Wealth or Opulence can find,
A Place of Refuge from a tortur'd Mind.

By Jūno's Malice, and the Fates Decree,
PAMELA, urg'd to shameless Actions, see! 215
Yet, tho' abandon'd, who can brand her Fame;
Her Stars were cruel, and alone to blame.
By these, thro' many Mazes, blindly led,
Thro' every Crime, that taints the Marriage Bed;
How cou'd she pass, with Character unstain'd, 220
Or how avert, what Heaven had pre-ordain'd?
Then on her Frailties some Compassion take,
And spare the Strumpet, for the Woman's Sake.
So would the Muse, if Verse like these cou'd live,
A Fame immortal to PAMELA give, 225
Conceal those Follies which might blast her Fame,
But her Perfections to the World proclaim!

End of the Fifth and last Canto.

